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YORICK'S
SENTIMENTAL JOURNEY
THROUGH
FRANCE AND ITALY.

CONTINUED
BY
EUGENIUS.

VOLUME the THIRD and FOURTH.

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SENTIMENTAL JOURNEY

CONTINUED,

BY

EUGENIUS.

VOL. III.

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A



P R E F A C E.

THE following sheets are not presented to the Publick as the offspring of Mr. Sterne's pen.

The Editor has, however, compiled this Continuation of his *Sentimental Journey*, from motives, and upon such authority, as, he flatters himself, will form a sufficient apology to his readers for its publication.

The abrupt manner in which the second volume concluded, seemed forcibly to claim a sequel; and doubtless, if the author's life had been spared, the world would have received it from his own hand, as he had materials already prepared. The intimacy which subsisted be-

PREFACE.

tween Mr. Sterne and the editor, gave the latter frequent occasion of hearing him relate the most remarkable instances of the latter part of his last journey, which made such an impression on him, that he thinks he has retained them so perfectly, as to be able to commit them to paper. In doing this, he has endeavoured to imitate his friend's style and manner; but how far he has been successful in this respect, he leaves the reader to determine. The work may now, however, be considered as complete; and the remaining curiosity of the readers of Yorick's Sentimental Journey, will at least be gratified with respect to facts, events and observations.

YORICK'S

SENTIMENTAL JOURNEY

CONTINUED.

The CASE of DELICACY completed.

—CAUGHT hold of the *fille de chambre's*—

“What?” says the critick.

Hand.

“No, no, a plain subterfuge, Mr. Yorick,” cries the casuist.

“Yes, 'tis indeed but too plain,” says the priest.

Now, I'll venture my black silk breeches, that have never been worn but upon this occasion, against a dozen of Burgundy, such as we drank last night—for I mean to lay with the lady—that their Worships are all in the wrong.

"'Tis scarcely possible," reply these sagacious gentlemen: "the consequence is too obvious to be mistaken."

Now I think, that if we consider the occasion——notwithstanding the *fille de chambre* was as lively a French girl as ever moved, and scarce twenty—if we consider that she would naturally have turned her front towards her mistress, by way of covering the breach occasioned by the removal of the corking-pins—it would puzzle all the geometricians that ever existed, to point out the section my arm must have formed to have caught hold of the *fille de chambre's*—

But we will allow them the *position*—Was it criminal in me? was I apprized of her being so situated? could I imagine she would come without covering? for what, alas! is a *shift only*, upon such an occasion?

Had she, indeed, been as much disposed for taciturnity, as my Parisian *fille de chambre*, whom I first met with her *Egaremens du Cœur*, all would have been well: But this loquacious *Lyonnoise* no sooner felt my hand, than she screamed



like a stuck pig. Had it contained a poi-
nard, and had I been making an attempt
upon her life as well as her virtue, she
could not have been more vociferous. *Ah
Monseigneur!—Ah Madame!—Monsieur
l'Anglois— —il y est! il y est!*

Such repeated exclamations soon brought
together the hostess and the two voiturins;
for as they thought nothing less than blood-
shed was going on, their consciences would
not let them remain absent.—The hostess,
in a tremulous situation, was imploring
St. Ignace, whilst she crossed herself with
the greatest swiftness. The voiturins had
forgot even their breeches in the hurry,
and therefore had a less claim to decency
in appearance than myself; for I had by
this time jumped out of bed, and was
standing bolt-upright, close to the lady,
when we received this visit.

After the first testimonies of surprise had
subsided, the *fille de chambre* was order-
ed to explain the cause of her outcry;
and whether any robbers had broke into
the inner room. To this she made no
reply, but had presence of mind enough
to make a precipitate retreat into the
closet.

As the explanation rested upon her, and she was unwilling to make it, I should have escaped all censure of suspicion, had I not, most unfortunately, in my tossing and tumbling in bed for want of rest, worked off a very material button upon my black silk breeches; and, by some accident, the other button having slipped its hole, the stipulated article of the breeches seemed to have been entirely infringed upon.

I saw the Piedmontoise lady's eye catch the object; and mine pursuing the course of her direction, I beheld what put me more to the blush, though in breeches, than the nakedness of the two voiturins, the hostess's tattered shift, or even her ladyship's dismantled charms.

I was standing, Eugenius, bolt-upright, close to her, when she made this discovery. It brought back her recollection — she jumped into bed, and covered herself over with the clothes, ordering breakfast to be got immediately.

Upon this signal our visitors retired, and we had an opportunity of conferring upon the articles of our treaty.

THE NEGOTIATION.

AS the security of the corking-pins had been ineffectual for some time, the Piedmontoise lady, like an able negotiator, armed herself at all points, before she resumed the conference. She well knew the powers of dress, as well as address; — though, believe me, I thought every argument of her revealed rhetorick insurmountable. But here comes the *café au lait*, and I have scarce time to huddle on my things.

AT BREAKFAST.

Lady. I wonder not, Sir, that the misunderstandings between France and England are so frequent, when your nation are so often, and without provocation, guilty of the infraction of treaties.

For. Bless me! Madam, recollect yourself; it was stipulated by the third article, that Monsieur might say his prayers; — and I have to this moment done nothing more than ejaculate, though your *fille de*

chambre, by her extraordinary, and as yet, unintelligible outcries, threw me into violent convulsions, and such as were very far from being of the pleasantest sort.

Lady. Pardon me, Sir, you have infringed upon every article, except the first, which was dictated by external politeness; — but even here, the barrier stipulation was broke down.

Yor. Your Ladyship will please to observe, that the barrier part of the treaty was broke down by yourself, in the warmth of your argument concerning the third article.

Lady. But then, Sir, the breeches?

Yor. There, indeed, Madam, you touch me to the quick.—I acknowledge the default;—but it was the effect of accident.

Lady. But it was not the effect of accident that occasioned you to lay violent hands upon my *filie de chambre*.

Yor. Violent hands, Madam!—I touched her but with one hand; and a jury of virgins, Madam, could have brought it in nothing more than the chance-medley of sensation.

After this congress, a new treaty was

entered into, by which all possible care was taken for the exigencies of inns, beds, corking-pins, naked *filles de chambres*, unlucky breeches, buttons, *etc. etc. etc.* So that if we had planned a new convention for the demolition of the harbour of Dunkirk, and that of Mardyke, it could not have been done with more political circumspection; nor could one have thought it possible to have been evaded, either by design or accident.

A PROVISION for the POOR.

NATURE! whatever shape thou wearest, whether on the mountains of Nova Zembla, or on the parched soil of the torrid tropicks, still thou art amiable! Still shalt thou guide my footsteps! With thy help, the life allotted to this weak, this tender fabrick, shall be rational and just. Those gentle emotions which thou inspirest by an organized congeniality in all thy parts, teach me to feel;—instruct me to participate another's woes, to sympathize at distress, and find an uncommon glow of satisfaction at felicity. How then

can the temporary, transient misfortunes of an hour cloud this brow, where Serenity was wont to fix her reign? — No; — avaunt ye way-ward jaundice spleens! — — seize on the hypocrite; whose heart recoils at every forged puritanick face; — — assail the miser, who sighs even when he beholds his treasures, and thinks of the instability of bolts and locks. — Reflect, wretch! on the still greater instability of life itself; calculate, caitiff, the days thou hast to live — some ten years, or less; — — allot the portion thou now spendest for that period, and give the rest to the truly needy.

Could my prayers prevail, with zeal and reason joined, misery would be banished from the earth, and every month be a vintage for the poor!

FRIENDSHIP.

SOME over-rigid priest may perhaps imagine my prayer should have preceded breakfast and business, and that then my negotiation with the fair Piedmontoise might have been more successful. — It might so.

My life has been a tissue of incidents, interwoven by the hand of Fortune, after a whimsical but not distasteful pattern: the ground is light and cheerful, but the flowers are so variegated, that scarce any weaver of fancy will be able to imitate it.

A letter from Paris, from London, from you, Eugenius! — Oh, my friend! I'll be with thee, at the Hôtel de Saxe, ere you have tarried the double rotation of diurnal reckoning.

THE CONFLICT.

"**T**HEN I will meet thee, said I, fair spirit! at Brussels! — 'Tis only returning "from Italy through Germany to Holland, "by the route of Flanders." What a conflict between love and friendship! Ah Madame de L — —! the Remise door hath ruined my peace of mind. — — The monk's horn-box reclas you every moment to my sight; — and those eyes, which view thy fair form in fancy, realize a stream that involuntarily flows!

If ever I wished for an inflexible heart, callous to anxiety, and equally insensible

to pleasure and to pain, 'tis now: but this is blasphemy against the religion of sentiment, and I will expiate my crime. — How? I will pay that tribute which is due to friendship, though it cost my affections the toll even of life.

*The CASE of FALSE
DELICACY.*

WHEN I had embraced this resolution, I began to think what apology I could politely make to the Piedmontoise lady for my abrupt departure, and non-performance of the treaty I had entered into as far as Turin. If any part of our former connexion had the appearance of being infringed upon, the incidents and accidents which occasioned the seeming infraction, might in some measure palliate the circumstances; but here is a direct violation of our second treaty, that was so religiously ratified. How then can the potentates of the earth be considered as culpable for the renewal of a war, after a *definitive treaty of peace*, considering the

many unforeseen and unexpected events by which the temple of Janus may be thrown open! — Whilst I was in this soliloquy, she entered the room, and told me, that the voiturins were ready, and the mules harnessed. — Eugenius, if a blush be a mark of innate modesty or shame, and not of guilt, I will confess to thee, that whilst my face was crimsoned o'er with the tinge of conscious impropriety, my tongue faltered, and refused its office. — “Madam, said I, a letter” — and here I stopt. She saw my confusion, but could not account for it.

“We can stay, Sir, till you have wrote your letter.” — My confusion increased; — and it was not till after a pause of some minutes, when I summoned to my aid the powers of resolution and friendship, that I was able to tell her, “I must be the bearer of it myself.”

Didst thou ever, when in want of money, apply to a dubious friend to assist thee? What then were thy feelings, whilst thou wast viewing the agitation of his muscles, the terror or compassion of his eye; or, sinking the tender emotions of

the heart, and turning to thee with a malicious sneer, he asked thee, — “What security?” Or, wert thou ever enamoured with an imperious haughty fair one, on whom thou hadst lavished all thy wishes, hopes and joys; when having at length marshalled thy resolution to declare thy passion, catching her eyes at the first opening of thy soul, thou sawest indignation and contempt lurking in each pupil arming for thy destruction: — then, Eugenius, figure to yourself the beauteous Piedmontoise collecting all her pride and vanity into one *focus*, with female resentment for their engineer.

C'est la politeſſe Angloiſe : mais cela ne convient pas à des honnêtes gens.

“This is English politeness; but it should not be exercised upon decent people.”

Why, in the name of fate, or chance, or fatal sway, or what you will, should the incidents of my life, the wayward shades of my canvals, draw upon a whole nation such an imputation?

’Twere injurious, fair Piedmontoise! But thou art gone, and may the cherubims of felicity attend thee!

OBSTINACY.

THIS was not the only difficulty I experienced from the alteration in my plan of operations. The voiturin, with whom I had agreed to carry me to Turin, would not wheel about to St. Michael, before he had completed his journey, as he there expected a returning traveller to defray the expense back. I in vain pleaded the advantage he would receive by so short a post, and that he would most probably find somebody there destined to Turin. No; — he was as obstinate as the mules he drove, and there seemed a congeniality of sentiment between them, which might perhaps be ascribed to their constant acquaintance and conversation. All my rhetoric, all my reasoning, made as little impression, as the excommunications and anathemas religiously and devoutly pronounced by the French clergy against the intruding rats and caterpillars.

Finding there was no other alternative than paying the double fare back, I at length consented; and with my usual phil-

anthropy, began to impute this thirst of gain, so universally prevalent, to some latent cause in our frame, or to some invisible particles of air which we suck in with our first breath, as soon as we are ushered into the world, with a scream of disapprobation at the journey we are compelled to perform.

*The CHANCE-MEDLEY of
EXISTENCE.*

“THE scream of disapprobation at the journey we are compelled to perform.” —This conceit pleased me, and I thought it both new and apposite to my present situation; so getting into the chaise, with a smile of complacency at the mules, who for once seemed to have conferred all their perverse disposition on their driver, I revolved in my mind some strange unconnected conclusions from the premises of my conceit.

If then, said I, we are forced upon this journey of life; if we are brought into it without our knowledge or consent; and if, had it not been for the fortuitous con-

course of atoms, we might have been a tobacco-pipe, or even a tobacco-stopper — a goose, or a monkey — why are we accountable for our passions, our follies, and our caprices? Were you or I, Eugenius, by some tyrant, compelled to be a courtier, ere we had learned to dance, should he punish us for the awkwardness of our bow? Or, having learned to dance, should know nothing of the etiquettes of courts; wherefore make me, against my will, a master of the ceremonies, to be impaled for my ignorance?—Heroes and emperors have been lost in nocturnal imagery, and Alexander and Caesar might have been bleached from existence.

Consider this, Eugenius, and laugh at the boasted self-importance of the greatest monarchs of the earth.

M A R I A.

UPON my arrival at Moulines, I inquired after this disconsolate maid, and was informed she had breathed her last, ten days after I had seen her. I informed

myself of the place of her burial, whither I repaired; but there was,

Not a stone to tell where she lay.

However, by the freshness of the surface of the earth which had been removed, I soon traced out her grave,—where I paid the last tribute due to virtue;—nor did I grudge a tear.

Alas, sweet maid, thou art gone!—but it is to be numbered with angels, whose fair representative thou wast upon earth. — Thy cup of bitterness was full, too full to hold, and it hath run over into eternity.—There wilt thou find the gall of life converted into the sweets, the purest sweets of immortal felicity.

THE POINT OF HONOUR.

AFTER having paid these sincere obsequies to the manes of Maria, I resumed my chaise, and fell into a train of thinking on the happiness and misery of mankind: this reverie, however, was presently interrupted by the clashing of swords in a thicket adjoining to the road. I ordered

the postillion to stop, and, getting out, repaired to the spot from whence the noise issued. It was with some difficulty I reached the place, as the path which led to it was meandering and intricate.

The first object which presented itself to my view, was a handsome young man, who appeared to be expiring, in consequence of a wound he had just received from another not much older, who stood weeping over him, whilst he held the bloody instrument of destruction reeking in his hand. — I stood aghast for some moments, on seeing this melancholy spectacle. When I had recovered myself from the surprise into which it had thrown me, I inquired the cause of this bloody conflict; but received no other answer than a fresh stream of tears.

At length, wiping away the briny flood which watered his cheek, with a sigh he uttered, "My honour, Sir, compelled me to the deed; my conscience condemned it: — but all remonstrance was vain; and through the bosom of my friend I have pierced my own heart, whose wounds will never heal." Here a fresh gush of

woe issued from the source of sorrow, which seemed inexhaustible.

What is this phantom, Honour! that plunges a dagger where it should offer balsam? Traitor, perfidious traitor! thou that stalkest at large under the habit of ridiculous custom, or more ridiculous fashion, which, united by caprice, have become a law — a code of laws! — — Equally unknown to our forefathers, unknown to those we style unpolished and barbarous, you are reserved for this age of luxury, learning and refinement; for the seat of the Muses, the residence of the Graces. — — Ah! is it possible? Are ye not the fair representatives of Gratitude, which so often runs counter to Honour, and her fallacious blandishments?

GRATITUDE.

A FRAGMENT.

— — GRATITUDE being a fruit which cannot be produced by any other tree than Beneficence, must necessarily, from having

so noble an origin, so divine a descent, be a perfect virtue.

I shall not, for my part, says *Multifarius Secundus*, hesitate to place it at the head of all the other virtues; especially as the Omnipotent himself requires no other at our hand; — this alone affording all the others necessary for salvation.

Even the Pagans held this virtue in such high esteem, that in honour of it, they imaged three divinities, under the name of the Graces, whom they distinguished by the names of *Thalia*, *Aglaia*, and *Euphrosyne*. These three goddesses presided over Gratitude, judging, that one alone was not sufficient to do honour to so rare a virtue. It is to be observed, that the poets have represented them naked, in order to point out, that, in cases of beneficence and acknowledgment, we should act with the utmost sincerity, and without the least disguise. They were depicted Vestals, and in the bloom of youth; to inculcate, that good offices should ever be remembered in their most verdant freshness; that our gratitude ought never to slacken or sink under the weight of time;

and that it behoves us to search for every possible occasion to testify our sensibility of benefits received. They were represented with a soft and smiling mien, to signify the joy we should feel, when we can express our sense of the obligations we owe; their number was fixed to three, to teach us that acknowledgments should be threefold, in proportion to the benefit received; and they were described as holding each other by the hand, to instruct us, that obligations and gratitude should be inseparable.

Thus have we been taught by the Pagans, whom we condemn! — Christians, remember you are their superiors; — show your superiority in virtue.

THE FELLOW-TRAVELLER.

WHILST the unfortunate stranger was lamenting the destruction of his friend, he forgot his own safety.—Perceiving some horse-men at a distance, and conjecturing, that, having gained intelligence of the intended duel, they might, perhaps, be coming in search of the combatants, I

entreated him to get into my chaise, which should carry him with all possible speed to Paris, where he could either conceal himself till the affair was settled in his favour, or escape to any part of Europe.

My remonstrances had their proper effect, and, with little farther entreaty, I prevailed on him to be my companion and fellow-traveller.

By the time we had got about a league from the fatal spot, I observed the moisture of his eyes diminished, his bosom throbbed with less energy, and his whole frame began to tranquillize. We had not yet broke silence since my resuming the chaise; when, finding his propensity to make me acquainted with the cause of his misfortune increase, I politely, though not impertinently, urged him to the task.

THE STORY.

"I AM, said he, the son of a member of the parliament of Languedoc. Having finished my studies, I went to reside for some months at Paris, where I formed an acquaintance with a gentleman somewhat

younger than myself, who was a man of rank, and the heir to a considerable fortune, and who had been sent thither by his relations, as well for improvement, as to estrange him from a young lady of inferior rank and fortune, who seemed too much to have engrossed his attention.

“He revealed to me his passion for this young lady, who, he said, had made so great an impression on him, that it was not in the power of time or absence to obliterate her dear image from his bosom. They kept up a constant correspondence by letters: those from her seemed to breathe the purest accents of sympathetick love. He consulted me how he should act, and I advised him always to the best of my judgment. I could not pretend to dissuade him from loving the lady, whose form, he told me, was the representation of Venus: and, if it is possible to be enamoured of a portrait drawn by such a warm admirer, that, surely, had the power of exciting all the emotions of the tender passion. I therefore applauded his choice; and, as our sentiments entirely agreed upon the impotence of wealth and grandeur,

when placed in competition with happiness, we considered the tyranny of parents, in compelling their children to marry against their inclinations, as the greatest of all temporal evils.

“About this time, I received a letter from my father, ordering me to return home. As there was something very positive in the command, without any reason being assigned, I was apprehensive that some of my little gallantries, which, you know, are inevitable at Paris, had reached his ears; and therefore prepared myself for the journey with a contrite heart, and a penitential aspect. I had indeed the more reason for this gloominess, as my last remittance, which was to have served me three months, was exhausted at the end of the first, and there was no possibility of travelling without money. But my generous friend anticipated even a hint upon the occasion; and, presenting me with a small box, which he begged I would keep for his sake, I found in it a draught upon a banker for a larger sum than I required to perform the journey.

“As he never omitted any opportunity

of writing to his dear Angelica, he begged I would deliver a letter to her, as she resided in my father's neighbourhood, and also his picture, which had been executed by one of the most celebrated artists in Paris, and was richly set with brilliants, for a bracelet.

THE PRODIGAL'S RETURN.

"IT was with the greatest reluctance I left Paris, and its various amusements; but they did not affect me nearly so much as the loss of my friend's company, as we had lived together upon the footing of brothers, and were, by some, called Py-lades and Orestes. On my way, every stage brought me nearer, I thought, to parental reproach for my follies and extravagance, and I prepared myself to receive the severest castigation with the humility and respect due from a son (a prodigal son) to his father.

"But what was my surprise, when, running to meet me at the gate, with joy depicted in his countenance, he exclaimed, "My son, this mark of your ready

"obedience endears you still more to me, and renders you worthy the good fortune that awaits you." I thanked him for the kindness he expressed for me; but testified my surprise at this good fortune he talked of. "Walk in, said he, and that mystery will be revealed." Saying this, he introduced me to an elderly gentleman and a young lady, adding, "Sir, this is to be your wife."

"There was an honest sincerity and friendly bluntness in my father, very different from the fawning of court-sycophants, a species of beings he had ever been estranged from.

"The young lady blushed, whilst I stood motionless; my tongue was deprived of the powers of utterance, my hands forgot their office, and my legs tottered under me. Surprized at the sight of so much beauty and innocence, I had not time to reflect, but found a thousand Cupids at once seize upon my heart, and force it into inevitable captivity.

"As soon as I recovered myself from the consternation this unexpected event had thrown me into, I paid my respects

to the company in the best manner I was able, and was wished joy upon my happy alliance, as if the nuptials had really taken place. It is true, it was impossible to view so divine an object without being enamoured; or not to have judged my lot completely happy, when my father's approbation had forerun my own.

THE INTERVIEW.

“DINNER was served, when mirth and festivity reigned in every countenance, except that of my intended bride: this I ascribed to her modesty and bashfulness at my sudden arrival, and abrupt introduction. I took the earliest opportunity of being alone with her, to unfold my sentiments, and acquaint her with the deep impression she had made upon my heart.

“Soon after dinner this opportunity occurred. Walking in the garden, we found ourselves sequestered from the rest of the company, in a little grove, which Nature, in her kindest hours, seemed to have destined for the retreat of lovers. “Madam,” said I, after the declaration which has

"been made, and our happy introduction,
 "with the consent of both our fathers, I
 "flatter myself I shall not offend you,
 "when I tell you, that there is nothing
 "wanting to complete my felicity, and
 "make me the happiest of beings, but
 "your telling me that the alliance which
 "is going to take place, is as agreeable
 "to you as it seems to every one else.
 "Oh! tell me, my angel, that I am not
 "forced upon you:—say, at least, I may
 "hope to enjoy some small share in your
 "affections;—for the most earnest assidu-
 "ity, and the most constant desire of pleas-
 "ing you, shall be the task of my whole
 "life."

"Sir, replied she, there is a noble can-
 "dour in your countenance, which must
 "abhor deception. Were I to tell you I
 "could ever love you, I should be guilt-
 "ty of the greatest deception. It is impos-
 "sible."

"Heaven! what do I hear? — — Impos-
 "sible to love me! — Am I then of so hi-
 "deous, so monstrous a form? — — Hath
 "Nature cast me in so barbarous a mould,
 "that I am repugnant to the sight, and

"detestable to the fairest and most amiable of the creation? — If so" —

"No, Sir, you wrong Nature, and injure yourself — — Your mien is graceful, your person elegant, your countenance pleasing, and every embellishment of art seems exhausted upon you; — — — but "it is my cruel lot." — — — Here a stream of tears stopt her farther utterance. — — —

"Oh! Madam, said I, kneeling, I beseech you to hear the prayer of the most earnest of your suppliants. — — It is not "because the mandates of a parent may "seem to entitle me to your hand; — I "scoorn to force it, or have it without "your heart: — but I beseech you to endeavour to let me merit you, and convince you of the reality of my passion, "which is as ardent as it is insurmountable." —

"Heaven! what was my surprise, when, uttering these last words, I perceived my friend, my honoured friend, rushing from behind the thicket, and drawing his sword —

"—— "Villain! exclaimed he, thou shalt "pay for thy treachery."

"The lady fainting, he sheathed his sword to assist her. When she was carried into the house, he bid me follow him. Unknowing how I had offended, or by what magick he could be at my father's house, when I thought him in Paris, I accompanied him. As we walked on towards the forest, he thus explained himself:

"Sir, your treachery to me I was acquainted with a few hours after your departure from Paris; and though you thought proper to conceal the subject of your journey from me, the whole city echoed with your nuptials before night. I accordingly set out post directly, and, as you find, have come in time to prevent your union with Angelica."

"Angelica! said I——Heaven knows how unjustly you accuse me:——I was ignorant that this was Angelica."

"Childish evasion! said he; this may impose on fools and drivellers,——but I must have other satisfaction.——Have you delivered my letter and picture?"

"No;—it was impossible."

"Villain, villain! ——No, ——you

"thought it more prudent to recommend
"your own suit—I heard every word
"that passed, and therefore it is needless
"to add to your guilt, by the violation
"of truth."

"In vain did I expostulate with him,
to prove my innocence;—In vain did I
promise to give up all my pretensions to
Angelica, and travel to the most distant
parts of the world to forget her;—he was
inexorable. ——— It was impossible for
me to convince him that I had not deceiv-
ed him at Paris, or that I had not known
it was Angelica to whom I proposed paying
my addresses. In a word, we reached the
spot where you found us, when, with
the greatest reluctance, I drew to defend
myself, after being branded with the re-
peated epithets of *daftardly coward*, and
infamous poltroon. — You know the
rest."

Here a flood of tears concluded my fel-
low-traveller's narration, and seemed a
very pertinent epilogue.

THE INN.

THIS affecting story had preyed so much upon my spirits, and I had entered so deep into the circumstances, that I was very glad to see a little inn on the side of the road, as I stood in great need of some refreshment.

The hostess, who welcomed us soon after we entered, was a comely well-looking woman, *embonpoint*, neither old nor young; or, as the French express it, *d'un certain âge*; — which, by the way, is a very uncertain method of determining it: I shall therefore class her about thirty-eight. A Cordelier was taking his leave of her; and there was reason to judge, from the sanctity with which she eyed him, she had been at confession. Her handkerchief was somewhat ruffled, and deficient in a few pins; the centre of her cap was also not directly upon the centre of her head; but this may be attributed to the fervour of her devotion, and the hurry in which she was called to salute her new guests.

We called for a bottle of Champaign, when she told me, "She had some of the
 "best in all France: That she perceived
 "I was an Englishman; and though the
 "two nations were at war, she would
 "always do justice to individuals, and
 "must own, that *My Lords Anglois* were
 "the most generous *Seigneurs* in Europe;
 "that she should therefore think herself
 "guilty of much injustice, if she were to
 "offer an Englishman a glass of wine
 "which was not fit for the *Grand Mo-*
 "*narque.*"

There was no disputing with a female upon so delicate a subject; and therefore, though my companion, with myself, judged it the worst bottle of Champaign we had ever tasted, I highly applauded it, as highly paid for it, and as highly complimented my landlady for her *politesse*.

On our arrival at Paris, I set down my fellow-traveller at his old lodgings in *La Rue Guenigaud*, where he proposed disguising himself in the habit of an Abbé, a character the least taken notice of in that city, except they are professed wits, or determined criticks. He promised to meet

me at the *Coffé Anglois*, over-against the *Pont Neuf*, at nine, that we might sup together, and deliberate on the steps necessary to be taken for his security. It was now five, so that I had four hours of lounging and lodging-hunting;—how then could I better employ my time, than in a short (perhaps a long) conference with the agreeable *Marchande de Gands*?

In the first place, no woman in the whole city was better informed where lodgings were to be let; her shop was a kind of *bureau d'adresse* for empty hotels. This, indeed, I did not know, when I entered her shop:—but why should the circumstance be less in my favour, because I was not pre-acquainted with it? In the second place, no female had more early intelligence with respect to the news of the day; and it was necessary I should know if my friend's affair had yet reached the capital: but this I was to learn with caution and address; it was, therefore, necessary we should retire into the back-shop.

THE TILT OF ARMS.

PARIS AND LONDON.

PARIS—thy emblem is a ship;—
yet thy Seine is not navigable.— Take
London's cross—(you may drop the bloody
dagger in the straits of Dover and Calais,
to cleanse its sanguinary blade) and with
it emblazon *Notre Dame*; whilst thy ship
sails with the tide up the Thames, and
casts anchor in the port of commerce.

In which of the nine hundred streets—
I mean lanes— of this capital of the
world— (for who can dispute a Parisian's
word, who never has excursed beyond
the gates?)— I say, in which shall I take
up my lodging? But softly:— There lives
my beautiful *Marchande de Gands*—
Those silken eye-lashes! there she is at
the door— the nets of love fabled by
poets are surely realized by them.—
“*Madame, la fortune m'a jetté encore
une fois dans votre quartier sans y penser.
— Comment se porte, Madame?*”—
“*A merveille, Monsieur, — charmée de
vous voir.*”

What urbanity in a stranger! — — what a polite language! — — and how happily expressed by a glover's wife!

THE BACK-SHOP.

WE had not made this retreat many minutes, before my beautiful *Marchande* had run over all the news of the day. I was presently informed of every fresh connexion between the opera-dancers, *les filles d'honneur, et les filles de joye, avec my Lords Anglois, les Barons Allemands, et les Marquis Italiens*. The rapidity with which she dispatched these connexions, could be compared to nothing but the torrent of the Rhone, or the fall of Niagara. I had sucked in more scandal in the space of ten minutes, than would have furnished a modern Atalantis writer with memoirs for a couple of volumes. "But, said she, *à propos*: — have "you seen any of our new manufacture "of gloves?" — — "What are they?" I asked — Upon which she took down a band-box, and produced a very curious collection. "These, said she, are *les gands*

"*d'amour*: they were invented *par Mr.*
"*le Duc de* — — The cause was singular,
"and worth mentioning. *Madame la Du-*
"*chesse* had for her *cicisbeo* a Scotch offi-
"cer, who had some eruptions of a par-
"ticular kind.—You know, Sir, that that
"nation has a disorder peculiar to them-
"selves, as well as we; — — all countries
"have their misfortunes. *Madame's valet*
"*de chambre* told his master in confidence,
"that he was afraid *Mr. le Capitaine* had
"communicated something to her Lady-
"ship that he did not dare mention. — —
"*Qu'est-ce que c'est?* What is it, said the
"Duke. — *Ce n'est pas la gale?* It is not
"the itch? The valet shrugged up his
"shoulders, and the Dutchess entered. *La*
"*politesse* would not allow the Duke to
"proceed upon an *eclaircissement* with his
"lady; he therefore set about divining a
"means to avoid the infection. He had
"heard of an English Colonel who had
"hit upon a lucky expedient, in a case
"not unfamiliar; but his name, which the
"manufacture bore, was so barbarous,
"that it could never be pronounced with
"decency; he therefore called his device

“*les grands d’amour*, and now they are
 “in great esteem throughout Paris. But I
 “should have informed you, the Dutchess
 “was never inoculated, and that she died
 “of the small-pox a few months after.
 “Her physicians, it is said, mistook her
 “disorder; and having never been in your
 “country, and forgot that *la gale*, or any
 “other disorder, whether cutaneous or
 “not, might be transplanted hither, I
 “hope,” continued she, casting a most
 amorous leer through those beautiful eye-
 lashes, which penetrated farther than I
 thought it possible for a single look to
 perforate, “that you’ll be a customer!
 “——you’ll certainly wear them when
 “they are so universally the fashion.”

Saying this, she produced some of vari-
 ous sizes and patterns; but I objected to
 most of them, as being too large for my
 hand. At length she produced a pair which
 I thought were near the mark: “I’ll try
 “them on, Sir;—but your hand must be
 “very small to fit these.” “It is rather
 “warm now, Madame; so that I believe
 “you may try a size larger.” She placed
 herself on my side, and with both her

hands had almost effected the design, when her husband passed through the parlour; — who nodding his head as he passed, said, "*Faites — Faites — ne bougez pas.*"

THE EFFECT.

I KNOW not how to account for it; but I always found something of a tremour come over me, when I was detected by a lady's husband in private conversation with her, though in the most innocent attitude. — — — That ours was the most innocent in the world at this time, cannot possibly be controverted: — — besides, it was a matter of business. Who could blame a female-vender of gloves for trying them on in the back-shop?

But, be this as it may, the unexpected arrival of the *bon homme* had almost rendered the gloves useless. — — My hand shook so (by what kind of sympathy I know not) that it was unable to do its office — — it slipped through the glove, and fell from the fair one's hand. "*Mon Dieu!*" said she, "*qu'est-ce que vous avez?*" To which I replied with much propriety, — —

"*Ma foi, Madame, je n'ai rien.*" "You are ill, Sir——take a drop of *liqueur*;" which she immediately produced from an adjoining closet. The cordial was of some efficacy; but not sufficient to remove the perturbation of my spirits, occasioned solely by the entrance of the husband; so that I had not resolution sufficient to undergo a second trial of the gloves from her fair hand; but I desired her to put up a couple of pair of the smaller size. She asked me what colour.—I replied, black.—"*Comment, said she, avec des rubans noirs, sans être en deuil.*"—But I cleared up this, by telling her, a clergyman, though not in mourning, could not in decency wear any gloves (even *gants d'amour*) of a gay colour.

The subject of my first entrance into this lady's shop, may be thought to have evaporated in the trying on the gloves, and the fright from the host.—But the truth is, I had taken my measures in the fore-shop before our retreat. I mean, I had secured a lodging; and as to the intelligence concerning my unfortunate fellow-traveller, it did not come within the

compass of her knowledge. This much I thought due to myself, and to my new acquaintance.

SLANDER.

I DOUBT not, from the good-nature and candour of my former criticks, that the last chapter will be subpoena'd against me, in the monthly Trials of Authors *without jury*; and that I shall be pronounced by that Bench of Judges, such as they are, guilty of high treason against the kingdom of decency, for penning the same, though there is not therein a dash, star, or asterisk, which, in my work, have constantly alarmed their virtue. But as I shall be among my Peers, I enter the following protest:

"I DO not agree to the said resolution, because I am thoroughly convinced they do not understand the said chapter; and because, without they enter into a complete explanation thereof, I must be of opinion, that it is above their comprehension.

"YORICK."

THE OPERA GIRL.

IT hath ever been a rule with me, to think the pleasures of this world of no benefit, unless enjoyed. I had two pair of *gands d'amour* in my pocket scarcely tried on—I went to the opera, finding, my dear Eugenius, that you were not arrived, and saw Mademoiselle *De La Cour* dance *à merveille*. — I beheld the finest limbs from the parterre that could possibly have been chiseled by a Protogenes or Praxiteles. I conversed with the Abbé de M—upon the subject. — He said he would introduce me to her. I waited upon her to her coach, and had the honour of handing her into it. She gave my hand such a squeeze, upon being informed that I was an Englishman, that I felt an emotion immediately at my heart, communicated from the extremity of my fingers, which may be better imagined than described.

She gave us an elegant *petit souper*, and the Abbé hastily retired after drinking a single glass. The conversation had

already taken a turn towards the tender passion; I was expatiating upon sentimental felicity, and setting forth all the blandishments of Platonick love, when she burst into a loud laugh — saying, she frankly owned she was not a professed disciple to my system, and thought it would go down much better with a sprinkling of the practical.

At any other time I should have been disgusted with the grossness of the thought in a female; but at present I was disposed for a frolick; and gave her a bumper to *Vive la bagatelle*. I showed her my new purchase, and asked her whether I should be in the fashion. She said they were of a scanty pattern, though *à la grec*; but recommended me for the future always to have my gloves *à la mousquetaire*.

Just as we had come to a final resolution upon this interesting subject, Sir Thomas G — — was announced. The servant attempted to open the door; but finding it made some resistance, as it was by accident bolted on the inside, his confusion was greater than ours. — He imagining the knight at his heels, did not dare

turn to inform him of the impediment, but whispered through the key-hole, "*Madame, le chevalier s'y trouve :*" the *gands d'amour*, however, were come into play, and she was pulling one on *plus badinant* than even the *Marchande* herself. It was when she had brought herself to approve of the fitting — — — that this fatal whisper once more disconcerted the trial of the duke's noble invention, "*Ca-chez-vous sous le lit,*" said Mademoiselle *La Cour*.

Was ever ecclesiastick in such a piteous predicament? Sir Thomas G — — would have been very glad to have seen Yorick in any other situation; but Mademoiselle *La Cour* had persuaded him she never had any male visitors except himself: and to prove he believed her, he flung a hundred louis d'ors into her lap every Sunday morning.

My mortification would not have been so very great, if an early retreat into the bed-chamber had not rendered my situation almost intolerable. My rival triumphed over me, without knowing it; and I was compelled to perform the character

of Mercury, under all these disadvantages, in spite of my teeth.

THE RETREAT.

IT was finely said of the Duke of Marlborough, that the only part of generalship he was unacquainted with, was retreating. Love has often been compared to war, and with much propriety. When I thought to have carried La Cour by a *coup-de-main*, armed with *les gands d'amour*, the commander in chief made a sally, and compelled me to a most disgraceful capitulation. "How dissimilar to the conduct of the Duke of Marlborough!" said I — — Can this ever be told in my "Sentimental Journey?" — — But I've not "abandoned the place." — — Just as I had made these reflections, La Cour put her hand down to the side of the bed, and I had an opportunity of kissing it without being perceived.

Sir Thomas having, as he thought, secured the garrison, retired from his post. — — To quit the metaphor, — — I had an opportunity of making a decent retreat, without danger, about four in the morning.

NOTHING.

"*ABOUT* four in the morning! says the ill-natured reader. — What then were you doing till that hour — — — with an opera-dancer, a *fille de joie*?" To which I answer literally, "*Nothing*." "No! — Mr. Yorick, this imposition is too gross to pass upon us even from the pulpit. What did you do with the *gands d'amour* — — invented to avoid infection? Did not Mademoiselle La Cour resume her application to try them on, and make them sit close? — — If so, what was the event?" — — Once more I reply — "*Nothing*."

How hard it is, my dear Eugenius, to be pressed to divulge an imaginary truth, or rather a falsity? If I were to be interrogated these ten years — I could add nothing to the reply — but *nothing! nothing! — — nothing!*

"Poor Mademoiselle La Cour!" says the satirist, — — "you had reason then to wish Monsieur Yorick had been *re-troussé à la mousquetaire*." But, Mr.

Critick, this is *nothing*, *nothing* at all to the purpose. — “No more is this chapter,” says the *Snarler*.

Why then, here is an end of it.

THE UNEXPECTED MEETING.

TURNING the corner of the *Rue de la Harpe* upon my retreat from Madame La Cour, the morning beginning to dawn, I heard a voice from a *fiacre*, crying, *hif, hif, hif*. This, to a theatrick performer, or a dramatick writer, would, perhaps, have been a very grating sound; indeed, were he inclined to superstition, he might have considered it as a foreboder of future d—na—n; but as I never exhibited upon the stage, or ever wrote a comedy, tragedy, or farce, the sounds were not so very dissonant to my ears as they otherwise might have been.

Turning about, I perceived my temporary Abbé popping his head out of the *fiacre* window, and beckoning to me. “Heaven! said I, what can this mean? — — He is taken up by the *Marechaussee*, or the *Chasseurs*, and is conducting

"to the *Châtelet* or *Bicêtre*."—Not so: his honest landlord having given him intelligence that these gentry were in search of him, and advised him to make a retreat, early in the morning, to avoid the consequences, he was setting out for Flanders, to get beyond the jurisdiction of their power.

I was both happy and miserable on the occasion.—I was wretched, to think this unfortunate young man was thus harassed, for an event which he would have used his utmost endeavours to have prevented: — but I was also pleased, to think he would, in some hours, be beyond the frontiers of France, and out of the reach of her miscalled justice.

In taking my leave of him, after a very tender scene, I could not help hinting to him, that so precipitate a departure and so long a journey, might exhaust his finances sooner than he expected; and that, as money was the sinew of every thing which was vigorous, if he would borrow my purse, I would call upon him, in my return to England, and, if convenient to him, then accept of a reimbursement.

Had I gone through Flanders, the cupidity of a recovery of this kind would the least have engaged my attention.

He replied, he had a sufficient sum to carry him to Nieuport, and from thence he would write to his friends.

Oh! Eugenius, thou knowest my feelings upon this occasion. I did not dare press him, for fear of offending a delicacy I myself was too susceptible of. — I retired with a flood of tears, as involuntary as they were sincere.

THE CONSUMMATION.

MY ideas were too scattered and eccentric, to be composed in sleep. — I took a *fiacre*, and drove round all Paris. It is strange that passions, which are the gales of life, and, under a certain subordination, the only incentives to action, should at the same time create all our misery, all our misfortunes. I could not refrain repeating with Pope,

Why charge mankind on Heav'n their own
 offence,
 And call their woes, the crimes of Pro-
 vidence?
 Blind, who themselves their miseries create,
 And perish by their folly, not their fate.

Just as I had uttered these lines, (which by-the-bye would have been more sonorous, and of course more affecting, in their original Greek, and in the words of my old friend Homer), I perceived an inscription over a door, which a good deal puzzled me.

L'ON FAIT NOCES ICI.

Whilst I was gazing at this uncommon information, my ears were regaled with some very pleasing music, which was playing to a set of convivial friends at a dance. I ordered the *fiddler* to stop, and inquired whether I might not *faire noces ici*.

I cannot help remarking in this place, that a *coachman* and his *coach* are looked upon in Paris to be so equally inanimate, that it is the same expense to draw

upon and run through the one, as the other: and also, that the performance of the *nuptial rites*, though much boasted of by every married and unmarried man in Paris, prevails more upon the outside of the walls, than within of the houses.

L'ON FAIT NOCES ICI.

"*J'en suis bien aise*, said I; it suits the gloomy habit of my soul, and love alone can remove it."

When the *Cocher* had brought the master of the house to the door, and informed him that an English gentleman proposed to *faire nocces*, — the question he put was, how many *soupes*, how many *tourtes*, how many *fricassées*, and how much *music*?

To which I replied, None.

Monsieur l'Hôte shrugged up his shoulders, and said, "*Pauvre Monsieur Anglais, il est gris.*"

THE TRAITEUR.

ALTHOUGH the price of running through a *cocher* or a *fiacre* (either animate or inanimate) is stipulated to a *liard*, the putting to death a *traiteur* is a very serious affair, and might be attended with very serious consequences. The *etiquette* and *punctilio* of killing a man in France, form a science of themselves, and are as useful a kind of knowledge as quadrille or *piequet*. Having made some short study of these matters, I judged it prudent only to *diable*, *peste*, and *f—e* a little, and bid the coachman drive home to my lodgings.

LA FILLE DE JOIE.

SCARCE had I entered into *La Rue St. Jacques*, before I perceived a party of the *Guet* hurrying a young woman into a coach, whilst she was weeping with great bitterness, and imploring their mercy. — Mercy! thou divine attribute, estranged from the brutal beast of such violators of humanity!

As my coach passed, she gave a look towards me, that pierced me to the heart. — I ordered my coachman to turn and follow the vehicle in which was the fair prisoner.

It being now near seven in the morning, they conducted her directly to the *Commissaire*. When they stopt, my heart panted with secret joy, on finding the house belonged to Monsieur de L—, my intimate acquaintance. On alighting, and giving in my name, I was told he was not yet up. The young woman was conducted into a kind of office, whilst I was ushered into the closet of the *Commissaire*, which commanded a view of the office.

After an uncommon flood of tears, she wiped her face with her handkerchief; when I presently discovered the features (though much bloated with crying) of my pretty little *fille de chambre* whom I first met with her *Egaremens du cœur*. “Heavens! said I, is this possible! Do not my eyes deceive me? No — it is she — My sympathetick heart involuntarily led me to her assistance; and if M^r. De L — has the least susceptibility of sentiment

"in his, this unfortunate young woman
 "shall not fall a sacrifice to—"

Just as I had come to this resolution,
 the *Commissaire* entered; and after many
 compliments and some professions of friend-
 ship, I seized upon the opportunity of
 telling him, he had it now in his power
 to convince me of the sincerity of his as-
 sertions. He required an explanation, and
 I gave him one.

To this, he replied, "It would be im-
 "possible to afford the young woman any
 "relief till he had heard the allegations
 "against her; but that if there was a pos-
 "sibility of mitigating her punishment;
 "without losing sight of justice, he would
 "certainly do it to oblige me."

She was examined; and though I could
 perceive she gathered some confidence from
 my presence, there was so much inno-
 cence and unaffected simplicity in her
 countenance, that methought the *Com-
 missaire* seemed somewhat prepossessed in
 her favour.

The *Gend.* alleged against her, that
 there had been a riot at her lodgings;
 and that the neighbourhood had been dis-

turbed. She acknowledged there had been some disturbance, but said it was owing to her not admitting some troublesome visitors, who had come to pay their compliments to a lady, who had before her those lodgings. The air of truth with which she delivered this, made the *Commissaire* immediately commence her advocate, and he told the leader of the *Guet*, "he was liable to be punished, for forcing the lady out of her apartments upon such a pretence; that the most virtuous women in Paris were liable to the same inconvenience from troublesome visitors; and that if they could not prove her to be a woman of disorderly conduct in any other respect, they might think the lady very merciful if she forgave them, upon their asking her pardon." This they readily consented to, and they retired, leaving the *Commissaire*, their late prisoner, and myself.

When they were gone, the *Commissaire* told me, that, "notwithstanding the step he had taken in her favour, he was very sensible she was a *fille de joie*, her name being down upon his list; but

“that, as she was a young practitioner,
 “and the *Guët* were as yet ignorant of
 “her profession, at the entreaty of Mr.
 “Yorick, he had released her; but strong-
 “ly recommended her to avoid coming
 “before him, upon that or any other oc-
 “casion.”

I was greatly surprised to find she was actually upon the *Commissaire's* list, and my curiosity was much excited to know her story. We retired after paying Mr. De L—— all the compliments to which he was so justly entitled for his polite behaviour, and I accompanied her back to her lodgings.

THE STORY.

AFTER she had returned me repeated thanks for my kind intercession, I entreated her to inform me by what accident she had come into that situation of life, in which, according to the *Commissaire*, she now unfortunately acted. A flood of tears prevented her immediate reply; but when she had recovered herself, she gave me the following account:

"The day after the visit I paid you at your Hotel, I was sent by Madame R—, my mistress, to present her compliments to you, and desire to know when you proposed waiting on her with the letter you were entrusted with for her from Amiens, being surprised you had not yet transmitted it to her; when I was informed you had set out for the South of France, and it was uncertain when you would return. Having carried back this information to my mistress, she flew into a violent passion for having omitted bringing it with me the day before, when I was purposely sent for it, but then, by some unaccountable accident, we both forgot it. She hinted, that she imagined something had passed between us of a very singular nature; and went so far as to say, it was no wonder we had not thought of her or the letter, when we were so differently engaged. Such an accusation, *innocent as I was*, greatly nettled me; and I believe I made her some answer, which so much disgusted her, as to order me immediately to quit her service. This sudden discharge greatly confused me; and as I had

no relations in Paris, I applied to a milliner who used to serve Madame R——, to recommend me to a lodging till I could get a place. She perceived my anxiety, and told me to make myself quite easy, as she at that time wanted a workwoman, and we should not disagree about terms. Accordingly I carried my clothes to her house, and from this instant was considered as one of the family.

"My province was, in the forenoon, to carry home the goods. As she worked chiefly for gentlemen, and particularly foreigners, she always cautioned me to dress myself to the best advantage upon these occasions, as she said the men always paid the most generously, when they met with a *tidy* milliner. She also recommended me to be very complaisant, and never to contradict them; "And, continued she, I do not know a more comely *filles* in all the *Rue St. Honoré*, or "any that is more likely to make her fortune, if she minds her hits. For, added she, there are but three female "professions in Paris, which promise promotion: These are, opera-dancers,

"pretty bar-keepers *aux Caffés*, and mil-
"liners; but we have the advantage, being
"considered as the most modest, and the
"least exposed in publick."

"Though I was not possessed of any
great portion of vanity, I could not help
being pleased to find my mistress thought
I had some claim to make my fortune;
and as I had been a *filles de chambre* near
four years without one tolerable offer being
made me, except it was from a *maître*
perruquier, in *Rue Guenigaud*, I began
to think, that the loss of Madame R—'s
place might turn out a benefit to me."

I could not help interrupting her in this
place, to inquire whether the *maître per-*
ruquier had proposed honourable terms;
and if so, whether it was pride, or per-
sonal distaste to him, which had made
her refuse his offer.

To this she very ingeniously replied,
"That the terms he offered were nothing
"less than marriage; that he was confi-
"dered as a man of opulence, and she
"thought him a very good match; that
"as to his person, he was remarkably
"handsome, having been *valet de cham-*

"bre to *la Duchesse de L—*—, and obliged to quit that lady's service, on account of a discovery made by *Monsieur le Duc*, who had been for some time before jealous of him; but that, upon his dismissal, his good lady, as an acknowledgement of past services, had given him a sum of money to set him up as a master *perruquier*."

When she had got thus far in her narration, she was interrupted by an accident, equally awful, alarming, and tremendous.

THE CONFLAGRATION.

OF all the temporary misfortunes, calamities, and accidents of civil life, the greatest is that of sudden fire.—Its effects are so rapid and astonishing, that they not only frequently deprive an alarmed neighbourhood of all their property, and reduce them to a state of beggary, but often dispossess them of their reason, at least for the time, and render them incapable of affording themselves that assistance which they might otherwise have obtained.

At this instant all these horrors presented themselves to our view;—the whole range of houses opposite to us seemed entirely surrounded by flames. Outcries, shrieks, confusion and tumult, at once assailed our ears.

Oh! Eugenius, what would have been the emotions of your sympathetick heart upon this occasion! — Might I judge by those of mine, they would have been too pungent for reason and philosophy to temper with prudence. I rushed into the midst of the populace, and was giving all the assistance that my feeble frame could permit — exerted far beyond its natural strength — when perceiving at a two-pair-of-stairs a female almost naked, just risen from bed, rending her hair, tearing her beautiful tresses, and imploring the elemency of Heaven, — I flew to her assistance, and, though the floor on which she lodged had already taken fire, brought her off without hurt. I conveyed her to the apartment from whence I issued, and there procured not only warm wine, and other restoratives, but also clothes to cover her; for at the time I conducted her thither,

She had no other apparel than her shift. Her distresses had, however, made so strong an impression on her, that shame, which, at another time, under such circumstances, would have overwhelmed her with blushes, crimsoned not her cheek, but left the lily to prevail with the utmost force of its pallid hue: — Alas! too powerfully; — — Nature sunk beneath the oppression of calamity. — — I ran for some drops, and, by a speedy application, restored her to life, and to herself.

“Where am I? — Surely in another world. — All things round me are strange, — Are you inhabitants of the earth — or spirits of departed souls? — or has it all been a dream, and am I still in a reverie? — No — this surely is a room — that is a bed — this is a chair — and that a table: these too are clothes, — very different from any I ever wore. All around seem in equal consternation. — Tell me, I beseech you, Sir, as you appear in a human form, who are you, what are you, and where am I?”

Having said this, she fell again into a swoon; and this relapse seemed more dangerous than her first attack. I could have gazed for ever upon her angelick countenance, which indeed resembled the picture of a heavenly resident, and seemed then with a most benignant smile to be taking a flight to the mansions of her celestial abode. But this was no time for such divine meditations; her earthly part still required our assistance.

After having again somewhat recovered her, I thought it adviseable to have her put to bed, and recommended to my female friend to take the greatest care of her. This she promised, and, I found afterwards, most religiously fulfilled; having taken my leave for the present, to endeavour at giving some farther assistance to the unhappy sufferers in the conflagration.

THE CASKET.

FROM an upper-window I was called to, and desired to hold my hat, in which I presently found a small casket; when I retired, in order to return it to

the proprietor, after the confusion occasioned by the present calamity was over. I carefully conveyed it to my apartment; and on opening it, found it to contain some very valuable jewels, with a picture that made a deep impression on my heart. — It was the miniature of that divine creature whom I had met with at Calais, and whom I had proposed meeting at Brussels. — “Heavens! said I, by what accident came this picture here? Surely that charming woman is not now perishing in the flames! Forbid it, Justice! Forbid it, Love!”

I had resolved upon retiring to rest after so many fatigues: — and had already thrown off my coat, and put on my night-cap, before I had made this discovery: but I instantly quitted my apartment to fly to the spot where I had received the casket, in order to obtain some intelligence of the proprietor, and, if possible, by what uncommon chance the portrait of this lady was in it.

The fire was by this time completely extinguished; but the agitations of my mind were still as great as ever. — If the

original has perished—Perish that thought!
 — — Diffraction! — Oh! Eugenius, I flew,
 I ran, I knew not whither.

RUE TIREBOUDIN.

MISTAKING my way, in my great confusion, instead of finding myself in the *Rue St. Jacques*, I found myself in the *Rue Tireboudin*.—"What a name!" said I.—"It had a much worse, Sir, said my informer, before a great lady, riding through in her coach, and asking the name of it, was told; which so shocked her delicacy, that from that period, it has borne this comparatively decent one."—"Draw your pudding, might, in England, savour of a proper attention to baking and a Sunday's desert—Oh the roast beef of Old England!— — but in a country where no puddings are either made, baked, or eaten, it seems absurd."—"Yes, Sir, but *Tire V*—t was a great deal more shocking; and that was its primitive name."

The *UNSUCCESSFUL INQUIRY.*

At length I reached the spot where the calamity had happened. Amidst the general confusion that still prevailed, I inquired if any lodger had lost a casket of jewels; — adding, that, upon giving a proper description of them, they should be restored. But no person would claim them. I then inquired, if a lady resembling the picture I had in my hand, was any where to be found; but this research was as ineffectual as the former. No such lady was known in the neighbourhood. I could not point out the house from the window of which they were thrown; for the walls were all levelled, and it was impossible to discriminate one house from another.

In this perplexity, I went to my acquaintance Mademoiselle Laborde (for that was the name of my female acquaintance whom I have hitherto distinguished only by being *filles de chambre* to Madame R.). I acquainted her with the accident, and my distress at not being able to discover

the proprietor of the casket, and the situation of the dear original of the miniature.

But, how great was my astonishment, on being informed that the lady whom I had conveyed to Mademoiselle Laborde's lodging, had, as soon as she recovered from her terror and astonishment, expressed the greatest concern at the loss of a similar casket.

THE DEFINITION.

I WAS ruminating upon the absurdity of the name of that street which formerly bore a still more absurd appellation, whilst I unfolded half a dozen pair of silk stockings, which I had just purchased, and which were wrapt up in an old manuscript that seemed of a very ancient date. It was written in old French, and upon a piece of paper that required some reparations to make it legible. I had at first conceived the thought of transcribing it; but recollecting it would cost me little more trouble to translate it, I set about it, and produced the following English translation.

TRANSLATION of a
FRAGMENT.

"JEAN François de Vancourt, of Fran-
 "che-Comté, by his marriage-articles with
 "Marie Louise Anne de Rochecoton, of
 "Champagne, doth agree, that, consider-
 "ing the disparity of their years, he be-
 "ing now in his eighty-third, and she in
 "her sixteenth, and also the warmth of
 "her constitution, and the amorousness of
 "her complexion, to allow unto the Vi-
 "car of the said parish all the rights of
 "*cuisse* and *jambage*, in their full ex-
 "tent, agreeable to the just claims of the
 "holy church; and moreover, doth per-
 "mit him to continue the same, in his
 "absence, during the natural life of him,
 "the said Jean François de Vancourt. Pro-
 "vided, nevertheless, that the said Vicar,
 "upon the return of the said Jean Fran-
 "çois, should, after the said Jean Fran-
 "çois had pronounced, in an audible
 "voice, at the door of the bed-chamber,
 "*Tire V—t*, three times, withdraw him-
 "self therefrom, and leave the said Jean

"François in the full possession of Marie
 "Louise Anne, his said wife; any thing
 "notwithstanding to the contrary that may
 "herein be contained."

"— Provided always, on the *part* of
 "the said Marie Louise Anne, that she
 "hath a negative voice in favour of the
 "Curate, when the said Vicar shall be
 "above the age of thirty-five, or other-
 "wise, in her opinion, disqualified for the
 "rites of *cuisse* and *jambage*, in their
 "full extent; he the said Curate, in case
 "of such election on her part, submitting
 "to the same proviso, in favour of the
 "said Jean François, upon his pronoun-
 "cing in an audible voice, at the said
 "chamber door, *Tire V—t* three times."

Having translated thus much of this
 Fragment, I shall leave the reader to
 make his own sentimental reflections, af-
 ter observing, that the good queen who
 ordered the name to be changed, seemed
 to display more knowledge than delicacy:
 but it must be observed in her favour,
 that, according to the Salique law, a
 queen of France never wields the sceptre
 in her widowhood, and is therefore glad

of every opportunity of displaying her authority during the life of her husband.

If this be not a sufficient apology for the queen, let any lady of any quality or fashion, from a dutchess down to a milk-maid, take both names (without the *Tire*) and make the most of them.

AN ANECDOTE.

WHEN Mr. G— made his first trip to Paris, he had not studied so much of the rudiments of the French language, as always to be critically grammatical in his genders: he would confound them together, and blend the masculine and the feminine in the most heterogeneous manner.

He was recounting to a lady at Versailles, remarkable for the smartness of her repartee, even at the expense of decency, the impositions he had met with upon the road from Calais, on account of his being an Englishman, and not speaking the language with the strictest propriety: and he particularized having paid a postillion twice, who asked him even a

third time for the money. "*Est-il possible ?*" said she. "*Oui, Madame, j'avois été chargé deux fois, sur mon vie.*" — "*Beaucoup mieux,*" replied she, *que sur mon Con—te.*" The division of the last word had the desired effect, and raised such a laugh in the gallery, that the King could not refrain asking what they tittered at, as he passed along.

THE DENOUEMENT.

THE reader, I believe, was not apprized; that Mademoiselle Laborde informed me, the lady whom I had saved from perishing, and had conducted to the apartments of Mademoiselle, was withdrawn from thence, and conveyed by her friends to another lodging, which had been provided for her; whereby I was frustrated in my hopes of obtaining an éclaircissement from that quarter, concerning the picture and the jewels.

Having discovered the lodging to which the frightened lady was carried, I was now

flattered with the pleasing intelligence concerning the fair original.

The reader may perhaps fancy that he has anticipated the unravelling of this story, by pronouncing the lady, whom I was instrumental in assisting, the identical original herself. But, to prevent any such erroneous conclusions, I shall here inform him, that any such anticipation is a groundless mistake. Though there was a general resemblance in their features, their height and shape were very different.

I waited upon her with the casket, at the sight of which she expressed great satisfaction; and after having more gratefully than politely thanked me for the care I had taken of her, by which I had probably prevented her perishing in the flames, she informed me that the picture was her sister's, whose husband was expected at Paris in a few days; and that he had sent his clothes, with these jewels, and a great quantity of plate, consigned to her care, until his arrival; but that, unfortunately, they must all be lost, except the jewels I had preserved, as she had not yet

received any tidings of them, nor of her own clothes and furniture.

I condoled with her on the occasion, whilst I expressed my satisfaction at having been instrumental in saving two such valuable objects — herself, and the portrait of her amiable sister.

I then told her, I believed I had had the honour of seeing her sister at Calais, and that, from the conversation which passed between us, I had reason to believe she was not then in the married state. To which the lady replied, “That she had not been married above six weeks; and that her husband was coming to Paris, to compromise a suit which had been subsisting between his relations, and his present wife’s; this marriage having brought about a general reconciliation of the parties.”

This information, I acknowledge, greatly mortified me; and I could almost have wished that the litigation had still subsisted between the parties, and she had still been single. — But a moment’s reflection told me, the wish was uncharitable, unworthy a sentimental breast. — Far distant,

then, be it from my heart, to desire the continuation of another's misfortunes, even for my own satisfaction! Oh! the Remise-door! — — Heigh-ho! — — I could not banish the thought; and finding a gloominess seize on the conversation, I retired somewhat precipitately.

THE SEQUEL.

WHERE can a disturbed bosom find repose, when agitated by the tender passion? A forsaken swain hath but one solace, — — — another nymph more kind. My footsteps seemed by instinct to carry me to Mademoiselle Laborde's. I found her alone, and in tears. "Alas!" said I, "why should Nature, in her fickle moods, thus make the very centre of gaiety and pastime the scene of misery! — How contradictory — — how paradoxical! — But why impute it to Nature? she cannot err."

"Mademoiselle, (said I, after this reply,) it were perhaps an unwelcome office, to request the favour of the con-

"tinuation of your story, which was so
"unexpectedly interrupted by the melan-
"choly accident during my late visit."

"Indeed," said she, "Sir, it will in-
"dulge my melancholy, which alone I
"could not sufficiently gratify, with the
"strongest retrospect of my past misfor-
"tunes; but now I am happy in having this
"opportunity of giving vent to my afflic-
"tion."

"My first excursion from the shop was
"to wait upon an Italian count, supposed
"to be as generous as he was magnificent.
"His *valet de chambre* was rubbing his
"eyes, between eleven and twelve, after
"waiting for his master's return to bed,
"not having been home all night. The
"count came to the door, whilst I was
"conferring with his man, who informing
"him I had brought him some ruffles, I
"was desired to walk up stairs. Innocent
"then of the design of such a customer, I
"readily consented. The count just glanc-
"ed his eye upon the ruffles, when, chuck-
"ing me under the chin with one hand,
"he thrust his other into my bosom: this
"behaviour I thought so great an insult,

"that, in my passion, I gave him a slap
 "on the face." "Oh, Miss," said he, "if
 "you give yourself airs, I shall teach you
 "better manners." — "He rung the bell,
 "and his *valet de chambre* appeared." —
 "Now, Miss," added he, "take your
 "choice—fair means or foul." — "I fell
 "upon my knees, and implored mercy;—
 "— but he was inexorable to all my en-
 "treaties. The ruffian *valet* held me, whilst
 "he — Oh spare me the blush of recol-
 "lection!" —

"That I will, my little unfortunate!
 "What a villain! — To perpetrate a
 "deed by violence, which perhaps by so-
 "licitation he might have obtained with
 "your consent!"

"Oh no, Sir," said she, weeping —
 "I never would have consented —"

"That, indeed, alters the case. —
 "But then his generosity — what recom-
 "pence did he make you?" —

"Why, I was just going to mention. —
 "From the character my mistress had giv-
 "en him, I imagined he could not pos-
 "sibly have presented me with less than
 "a hundred louis d'ors, considering the

"difficulty he had, and the opposition I made.—I dare say an English nobleman would have thought it very trifling,"—

"Very trifling, I can assure you; I have known an English nobleman pay fifty times the sum for such an affair, without having committed half so good a rape as was committed upon you."

"Why, look ye there, so I thought;—and considering what was past, could not be recalled, I thought I might as well accept the wages of——"

"Of iniquity——"

"Yes, iniquity, I think you call it, as go without them."

"Every whit—quite orthodox reasoning."

"So I waited, and sobbed—and cried, and waited—expecting every moment a handsome recompence for such an insult—when at length he asked me, if I was a maid."—

"What an insult after such an attack!—But what did you reply?"

"I told him I might have had some little *égaremens du coeur*; but that I ne-

"ver had been guilty of such a crime before."

"The guilt lay on his side, according to the opinion of all the casuists in the world."

"There was much to be said on both sides, but this I kept to myself."

"But the recompence?"

"He ordered me to call to-morrow, when he should pay me for what ruffles he had occasion for — and would make me a present."

"Did you call?"

"Yes, punctually."

"Was you not afraid?"

"No — I thought he could not use me worse than he had done: — but in this I was mistaken: — for he had decamped the night before, with his *valet de chambre*, and in the hurry had forgot to pay his lodging."

"Amazing!"

"Not at all: — he was a gamester; and the morning I saw him, he had lost his last louis d'or at the Academy."

THE ACADEMY.

"THE Academy! What, in the name
 "of wonder, astonishment, and learning,
 "do they allow in the seminaries of sci-
 "ence, in such a polished nation, and
 "such a well-regulated metropolis as Pa-
 "ris, where scarce an obvious vice goes
 "unpunished; I say, do they allow of
 "gaming to a degree that can ruin a
 "man?"

"*Je ne vous entends pas!*"

"I do not understand you," said Miss
 Laborde.

"*Ni moi non plus, ce que vous voulez
 "dire."*

"Nor I what you mean."

"Did you not say, the Count had lost
 "his money at the Academy?"

"Well, and what astonishment can arise
 "from that? Are not immense sums lost
 "there every night?"

"And are the Police acquainted with
 "it?"

"It is under their immediate protection."

"Impossible!"

"Nothing more certain."

"And what say the professors?"

"The professed gamesters are very well pleased with it;—sometimes a run of ill-luck may break them, when they meet with one as knowing as themselves; but this is such a phenomenon, that the Count's precipitate departure astonished all Paris."

"Pray explain to me the nature of this Academy; for I believe, after all, we are in a state of some misunderstanding concerning it. — By an Academy, I should comprehend the seat of the muses, the garden of science, and the vineyard of learning."

"No, it is neither a seat, a garden, nor a vineyard, but a gaming-house licensed by the magistrates, where gamblers may cheat with impunity, if they can do it with dexterity, and where the credulous and unwary may be ruined, without remedy or relief."

"What a prostitution of names!"

"Not at all: *C'est l'Académie des Grecs.* —"

"It is the Academy of Sharpers."

"If cheating be a privileged science, I
 "acknowledge the title very proper:—but
 "as it is one of the occult sciences which
 "I shall never study, I beg we may leave
 "this seminary, that you may pursue your
 "narration."

End of the third Volume.